

## The Bloomfield Record.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE TOWNSHIP.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1873.

All who are interested in having a newspaper in this village are requested to send us by mail, or to the publishing office, local items of news, correspondence, etc., for publication.

No photographs made for publishing Marriage, Deaths, Religious Notices.

Single numbers of The Record can always be had at this office, at the Post Office, and of the News-dealer.

All kinds of PRINTING done at THE RECORD Office.

### The Town Improvement Question.

The discussion of Village Improvements, under the auspices of the Eudeline Society, took place last Monday evening as announced. There was present a very fair representation of Bloomfield's leading citizens, besides an unusual number of ladies. The meeting was opened by Mr. C. W. Maxfield, who made a few preliminary remarks in which he referred to the importance of the question and hoped its discussion would result in good to the town. The gentlemen who had accepted appointments on the literary programme were absent with the exception of Mr. J. W. Baldwin, who read an extract from Pollock's Course of Time.

The discussion upon the question "What should be the policy of Bloomfield in Reference to Public Improvement," was then opened by the reading of a paper upon the subject, written by Mr. Fred. Crane, and read in his absence, by Mr. A. S. Frissell.

The paper called attention first to the method of raising money for the prosecution of improvements, and discouraged the bonding system for various reasons, chiefly because it afforded opportunities for dishonesty and political malfeasance.

"Most of the many embezzlements by public men would have been very difficult had there been no way of securing money but by direct taxation of the people. People are never so wise in their decision about public improvements or watchful about the faithful expenditure of their money as when the money has just come out of their pockets." Various other arguments were advanced to show that we ought manfully to shoulder our own burdens, pay as we go, without piling indebtedness upon the future. The writer also threw out the hint that in shaping an improvement policy we should have in mind the class of people we would attract as residents. He inclined rather to conservatism, holding that we should encourage people in moderate circumstances, who would be attracted by a low tax-rate. This class sought the country in order to have home comforts and society's associations commensurate with their education and worth, but which, in the city, their limited means would not permit.

Again, in marking out a policy, we should not countenance unjust charges and insinuations of extremists that all who interpose any objections to proposed public enterprises must be enemies of progress, old fogy, &c. There should be due and careful consideration before undertaking any work. To contumaciously ignore or ridicule sensible advice is to deprive the community of its only safeguard against hasty and ill-advised action. All good logical criticism of new proposals should be encouraged.

These were the leading features of Mr. Crane's paper which recommended neither radical progress nor retrogression but rather a policy such as would be adopted and lived up to by a discreet business man.

A paper by D. G. Garabrant was next read, referring to statistics of Belleville. It was shown that this village with natural advantages superior to our own, had retrograded through an illiberal policy with regard to improvements.

Mr. T. G. Moore then followed and related some interesting facts he had gathered relating to Newark, Elizabeth and Chicago. Elizabeth was shown to be overburdened with taxation through excessive and ill-advised improvements, in advance of population. Respecting Newark, the speaker referred to the difficulty experienced in getting Broad street paved, a short time ago, and stated that only a short time after the improvement the increase in value of property paid for the outlay. He also spoke of the evasion of taxes in Newark, the Grand Jury having reported \$400,000 in property on which the tax was evaded. Speaking of Milwaukee and Chicago, he showed that the former with the advantage of a healthier and much handsomer site, and a better harbor, but pursuing a contracted policy in regard to improvements, had been, nevertheless, eclipsed by her more enterprising neighbor.

Mr. Coll. J. Turner was the first general to take the floor upon the conclusion of the presentation of statistics. He began by saying that he was pleased by the intelligent manner in which the statistics had been presented, and praised the wisdom of the first paper, which treated of the danger of bonding the town. He thought there was nothing more detrimental to our interests in this matter of bonding, &c. He also spoke of the difficulty of making improvements through the medium of Commissioners. He instanced the Public Road Board, which had occasioned so much dissatisfaction in the townships. A fine wide avenue for driving over had been made,

but regardless of the interest of property owners. He spoke of a neighboring city, where they had driven road improvements with a high hand, but had ignored the important matter of drainage, greatly to the peril of health. He could not see how Bloomfield could make any thorough improvements in regard to roads, having a due regard to drainage, without involving a tax-rate of from 6 to 10 per cent. In view of this he favored annexation to Newark, and cited the rapid appreciation of property in Roseville, and its low tax-rate, under the municipal government of Newark.

Mr. J. Banks Rebold followed with remarks in which he agreed with Mr. Turner in regard to our manifest destiny sooner or later to undergo annexation. His strong point was the unwise of trying to maintain our sovereignty by a petty government, costing \$3,000 a year; that we had outgrown the old-time machinery of a town government.

Mr. Peele said he had but four words for a text, and would not preach a long sermon. He applauded Mr. Turner very loudly not because he endorse all he said, but because we want something done. He was in favor of calling another meeting, or a series of them, to discuss these matters and fix upon a settled plan of action.

Mr. G. W. Cook made a few remarks in reference to the need of a new almshouse. Several other gentlemen spoke upon the same subject, and some things were said somewhat disparagingly of the township officers, in their connection with the care of the poor.

Mr. Rebold, as a member of the Town Committee, defended that body, saying that this same subject of the almshouse came up at the last Annual Meeting, but the town refused to take action; that a resolution had lately been adopted by the Town Committee, requesting the citizens to vote money for that purpose at the coming meeting.

Mr. F. C. Blis also spoke in favor of the Town Committee and the Overseer of the Poor. He said there were two classes of improvements—those of utility and those of beauty. Noah's Ark belonged to the first class. He had never heard that it was ever painted, and yet it was suitable for its useful and beneficial purpose. His point was that it did not require an almshouse with a mansard roof and frescoed ceilings. If he wanted to cultivate the beautiful, there was abundant room for improvement in that direction upon our neglected Park.

Dr. E. Macfarlan, who had been prevented from getting the floor on account of the slurs house discussion, now spoke in favor of a liberal policy of improvements, sidewalks, gas, sewerage, &c. Above all we wanted healthy places.

Mr. A. G. McComb moved that another meeting be held under the auspices of the Eudeline Society, which was adopted, together with a supplemental amendment that the question discussed by "Shall we annex Newark?"

### Recollections of the Rebellion.

We find the following items in an exchange:

"...on the rebellion, making of a view of the scenes of war from distance, says it resembled a great 'blue mass.' In view of the fact that the Confederates found that army a terrible hard pill to swallow, the comparison is an exceedingly happy one."

From the soldier's standpoint, it seems unkind not to bury the hatchet now that a decade has passed since those sad, tumultuous days. But we cannot help remembering, after reading the above, an incident that occurred at the raising of the siege of Atlanta. It was the day after the Confederate fight southward to Rough and Ready. The white, red and blue stars of the Twentieth Corps were pouring into the city, to the astonishment of the inhabitants who had remained during that terrible siege. Among them, on that September morning, a piquant Southern maiden stood at the gateway of a stately mansion. Shading her eyes with her hand as she vainly tried to see the end of the column which had been "marching on" for more than an hour, she exclaimed, impatiently: "Where are all these Yankees come from? They must spring up spontaneously out of the ground."

At the conclusion of Dr. Kennedy's remarks refreshments were served, and all joined in testing the many good things which had been furnished by the ladies. Following were short humorous speeches by Dr. Knox, Dr. Stublert, Rev. Mr. Ballantine and Dr. Snowdon, after which Mr. Luddam read a highly interesting poem written for the occasion. After a few more short speeches by Mr. Bliss, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Cooke and Mr. Luddam, a verse of Auld Lang Syne was sung and then the gathering bad each other good night.

### THE POEM.

Once on a time, within my garden wall,  
In a dark nook, where light and dew did fall,  
I had transplanted with the greatest care,  
A little tiny twig, valued and rare.

No tender infant at its mother's breast  
With earnest nursing could have been more  
blessed.

But yet its fresh leaves dropped, and at my feet,  
Alone in solitude, it seemed to weep.

I knew it would not die, that cherished flower,  
For it was watered by an April shower.

Refreshed, revived, it raised its drooping head,  
And kissed the sunbeams playing round the bed.

From this time on, as by magic power,  
It grew in strength, beauty every hour,

With pride I pruned its branches, shaped its form,

Strengthened its roots, preserved it from the storm.

Five years had passed, the twig was now a tree,

More sapling it is true, but I could see

Choice fruit suspended, which a lesson taught:

Our lives should active be—with virtue, with

forlorn, with hope, with fear,

With health, with sickness, with life, with death.

Wide are its branches now, its roots are deep,

A refuge from the storm—from Summer's heat,

Rich in its fruits, with pleasure I recall

This dear old tree, beneath the garden wall.

Once on a time, near by our village green,

A neat and rustic Chapel could be seen,

In a quiet nook, 'mid the sunbeams fair.

Our infant church had been transplanted there,

This beauteous flower from its mother's breast

Was gently plucked, it seemed at rest;

Then onward to the churchyard, we plucked,

With earnest nursing could have been more  
blessed.

But yet its fresh leaves dropped, and at my feet,  
Alone in solitude, it seemed to weep.

I knew it would not die, that cherished flower,  
For it was watered by an April shower.

Refreshed, revived, it raised its drooping head,  
And kissed the sunbeams playing round the bed.

From this time on, as by magic power,  
It grew in strength, beauty every hour,

With pride I pruned its branches, shaped its form,

Strengthened its roots, preserved it from the storm.

Five years had passed, the twig was now a tree,

More sapling it is true, but I could see

Choice fruit suspended, which a lesson taught:

Our lives should active be—with virtue, with

forlorn, with hope, with fear,

With health, with sickness, with life, with death.

Wide are its branches now, its roots are deep,

A refuge from the storm—from Summer's heat,

Rich in its fruits, with pleasure I recall

This dear old tree, beneath the garden wall.

Once on a time, within my garden wall,

In a dark nook, where light and dew did fall,

I had transplanted with the greatest care,

A little tiny twig, valued and rare.

No tender infant at its mother's breast

With earnest nursing could have been more  
blessed.

But yet its fresh leaves dropped, and at my feet,  
Alone in solitude, it seemed to weep.

I knew it would not die, that cherished flower,  
For it was watered by an April shower.

Refreshed, revived, it raised its drooping head,  
And kissed the sunbeams playing round the bed.

From this time on, as by magic power,  
It grew in strength, beauty every hour,

With pride I pruned its branches, shaped its form,

Strengthened its roots, preserved it from the storm.

Five years had passed, the twig was now a tree,

More sapling it is true, but I could see

Choice fruit suspended, which a lesson taught:

Our lives should active be—with virtue, with

forlorn, with hope, with fear,

With health, with sickness, with life, with death.

Wide are its branches now, its roots are deep,

A refuge from the storm—from Summer's heat,

Rich in its fruits, with pleasure I recall

This dear old tree, beneath the garden wall.

Once on a time, within my garden wall,

In a dark nook, where light and dew did fall,

I had transplanted with the greatest care,

A little tiny twig, valued and rare.

No tender infant at its mother's breast

With earnest nursing could have been more  
blessed.

But yet its fresh leaves dropped, and at my feet,  
Alone in solitude, it seemed to weep.

I knew it would not die, that cherished flower,  
For it was watered by an April shower.

Refreshed, revived, it raised its drooping head,  
And kissed the sunbeams playing round the bed.

From this time on, as by magic power,  
It grew in strength, beauty every hour,

With pride I pruned its branches, shaped its form,

Strengthened its roots, preserved it from the storm.

Five years had passed, the twig was now a tree,

More sapling it is true, but I could see

Choice fruit suspended, which a lesson taught:

Our lives should active be—with virtue, with

forlorn, with hope, with fear,

With health, with sickness, with life, with death.

Wide are its branches now, its roots are deep,

A refuge from the storm—from Summer's heat,

Rich in its fruits, with pleasure I recall

This dear old tree, beneath the garden wall.

Once on a time, within my garden wall,

In a dark nook, where light and dew did fall,

I had transplanted with the greatest care,

A little tiny twig, valued and rare.

No tender infant at its mother's breast

With earnest nursing could have been more  
blessed.

But yet its fresh leaves dropped, and at my feet,  
Alone in solitude, it seemed to weep.

I knew it would not die, that cherished flower,  
For it was watered by an April shower.

Refreshed, revived, it raised its drooping head,  
And kissed the sunbeams playing round the bed.

From this time on, as by magic power,  
It grew in strength, beauty every hour,

With pride I pruned its branches, shaped its form,

Strengthened its roots, preserved it from the storm.

Five years had passed, the twig was now a tree,